Hist Lib Museum

# THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 10, WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1910 $2.50 PER YEAR, 10c. PER COPY

## School Report

Following is the report of the Wrangell Public School for the six weeks ending Friday, February 25, giving attendance, scholarship and promotions.

Perfect attendance:

Wallace Sinclair, Tolitha Ensley, Irene Coulter, Herman Ensley, Amanda Horgheim, Elfreda Emery, Lloyd Dalgety, Adolph Engstrom, Alice Kincaid, Leona Lindman, Weston Dalgety, Ann Sylvester, Christene Lemieux, Lawrence Horgheim, Leonard Campbell, Marguerite Uhler, Katharine Bronson.

Highest rank, by classes.

Ninth grade.

1st Katharine Bronson.

2nd Virginia Clark.

Eighth grade.

1st Lynn Worden.

2nd Christine Lemieux.

Sixth grade.

1st Alice Kincaid.

2nd Weston Dalgety.

Fifth grade.

1st Grace Wigg, and Amanda Horgheim.

2nd Lloyd Dalgety.

Promotions:

Fourth to fifth grade.

Tolitha Ensley.

Adolph Engstrom.

Third to fourth grade.

Lawrence Taylor.

Hanna Choquette.

Edna Lindman.

## It's A Boy B'gosh

Sammy Cunningham is stepping high, wide and handsome these last few days, the occasion for which is a fine son and heir which arrived last Monday. Mother and baby are progressing finely, and as for Sam, he's all smiles.

## Gets Gasoline Papers

A. J. Kalkins was a passenger to Juneau on the last Cottage City, where he took the examination for gasoline engineers. He was successful, and now the Black Fox, with a licensed man in command, will be able to gather in all the business offered.

## THE TREADWELL ACCIDENT

Just before midnight Wednesday the powder magazine on the 1100-foot level of the Mexican mine, Treadwell, situated about thirty feet from the shaft, exploded killing thirty-five outright and injuring eleven more, two of whom have since died.

The magazine, the explosion of which caused the loss of life, stood some thirty feet from the shaft on the 1100-foot level and had been locked by the powder man preparatory to going to the surface, and he, with a part of those working on that level, was at the shaft waiting for the skip when the explosion occurred. A minute examination has failed to reveal what might have caused the explosion of the powder in the magazine and no doubt the future will fail to throw further light on the matter.

Men were working below the 1100-foot level at the time and knew that something had happened above them but were in ignorance of what it was until a note was lowered by the rescue party telling them to remain where they were until relief could be sent them and assuring them that there was no further danger. The men showed no fear and took matters quietly until the cage could be gotten down to where they were and they were taken to the surface.

Nels Rustand, the stope boss and one of the oldest men in the employ of the Treadwell, was in charge of the men on this level and his body was found with his fellow workmen. It was Rustand's duty to get the men in line and pass them into the cage and the position his body was found in indicated that he had the men in position in front of the skip waiting to send them up on the descent of the cage. Everything, apparently, usually done by the miners before going on top had been attended to.

Judge Folsom made a careful examination of the scene and took pains to gather all information possible as to the amount of powder stored, and the methods of escape in case of accident. Judge Folsom later empanelled a jury which viewed the remains of the miners in the morgue and talked with the injured in the hospital. Should an inquest be held these men will be summoned as jurors.

The accident occurred at the time the men were going off shift and should it have been five minutes sooner or as many minutes later there would, no doubt, have been fewer victims, as no one would then have been in close proximity to the exploded magazine.

Funerals were held Saturday and Sunday and all business was suspended in both Treadwell and Douglas. In Juneau flags have been at half-mast since the accident. Few people remember when the island has been so quiet—not a wheel turned nor a stamp fell until the dead had all been buried.

Sunday was entirely given over to paying the last tribute to the victims.

## WILL VISIT ALASKA

Recent press dispatches says as a result of the publicity given to Alaska, all of which has grown out of the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation and the introduction of the Beveridge bill, Representatives Claude Kitchin of North Carolina, T. U. Sisson of Mississippi, J. N. Collier of Mississippi, J. P. Latta of Nebraska, T. P. Woods of Iowa and M. D Foster of Illinois will come to Alaska this summer and make a thorough inspection of the prevailing condtions in the district.

## All Three Convicted

The three booze selling cases from Petersburg on Grand Jury indictments resulted in convictions by jury trials before the district court at Juneau. Powers and Stewart were tried Friday and Saturday of last week, while the Mary E. Thomas case consumed Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. The juries in the first two cases were out less than half an hour, and in the latter about four hours.

## CAUCUS NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the citizens of Wrangell, Alaska, will be held in the Common Council rooms, Patenaude building, on Saturday, March 26, 1910, at the hour of 8 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of nominating candidates for a Common Council of seven members and one member of the Wrangell School Board.

P. C. McCormack,
President of the Common Council and Ex-officio Mayor of Wrangell, Alaska.

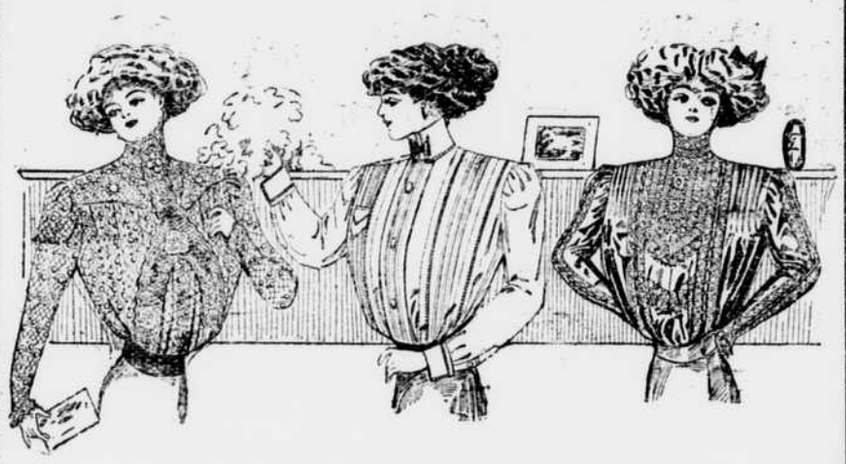
## Saws Are Singing

It sounds mighty good to hear the song of the saws in the local sawmill once again. The wheels are whirling as smoothly as ever with a full crew hard at work. The first contract is one for lumber for the Vermont Marble Co. on the West Coast. The order is for more than a quarter of a million feet.

## Settled Out Of Court

The papers for the final settlement of the case of Mrs. Minnie Benson against the Shakan Salmon cannery were signed out of court this week, and thereby the defendant in the case and her son were paid $3,500. To Johnny Murry, who lost his leg in the sawmill, the company gives $500 and to Mrs Benson, mother of the boy, who commenced the proceedings, $3000 is allowed for the loss of time and value of the son's service.

L. T. Watson started up the river Tuesday of this week.

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**Wrangell - - Alaska**

# THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

*RICHARD BUSHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor*

*Published at Wrangell, Alaska, every Thursday Afternoon*

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### THE TREADWELL ACCIDENT

To the long list of catastrophes reported in the press dispatches recently from all over the world must now be added the one at Treadwell last Wednesday night which claimed thirty-seven victims.

And like the others, it came at a time when least expected and under circumstances that could not be foreseen.

While even the loss of a single human life is to be deplored, probably there is not a great mining concern in the world where a like accident would not have claimed a larger number of victims.—Alaska Capital.

### THE ANSWER HE GOT

The following is the text of the letter written by Secretary of War Dickinson to Delegate Wikeersham in reply to the twenty-page letter written by Delegate Wickersham to the secretary, asking that Major Richardson be sent away from Washington: "Major Richardson has not been so put on the defensive sufficiently to justify me in recommending that any further investigation be had."

It now seems to be a foregone conclusion the Beveridge bill will be passed.

### MORN AND EVE

In life's morn our friends are many gay our greetings as we pass; every WHlie has his Jennie; every lover has his lass. Friends are made each passing minute, underneath the morning sky; there is nothing mournful in it when we pause to say good-bye. If a friend departs forever, we can spare a passing tear; then it's on to our endeavor—life is young, the sky is clear. In life's even we wait and ponder for the word that we must go, gazing at the sunset yonder, at the shadows as they grow. Thinking, brooding, dreaming only of the friends who went before; for old age is sad and lonely, by the sunless river's shore. Casting weary backward glances to the reaches we have crossed, where the dying sunlight dances, where the flowers are zephyr tossed; thinking of the dear old places where the requiems were sung; thinking of the vanished faces that we knew when life was young. Youth is ever bravely keeping forward march against the blast; Age, alas, is ever weeping o'er the ashes of the past.—Walt Mason.

### STRENGTH

He was young and strong, he was big and bold,
And he laughed at love and he scoffed at fear,
And prayer was a thing for the weak and old,
He proudly said with a cynic's sneer;
For the hooded monk he had cold disdain,
And he showed contempt for the lovelorn swain.

He had delved in books, he was very wise.
His chin was square, he had hairy arms,
And a maiden with soft seducive eyes,
Smiled up in his face one day and then
He forgot that love was for puny men.
There came a lonely and awful night
When, weeping, he stole to the silent place
Where she lay untroubled and cold and white.
And clutching her form in a wild embrace,
He prayed with the priest he had mocked before,
And with reverence kissed the cross he bore.

—S. E. Kiser.

### COULD NOT REACH THEM

The steamer Dora reached Seward Monday afternoon from the westward run and reported that for five days she stood off the wreck of the Farallon, at Illiama bay, and attempted to get to the crew standing by the wrecked vessel. The weather was so rough that a small boat could not be lowered and it was impossible for the Dora to get close enough to the men to leave any message with them.

### ALMOST THE TRUTH

"It is true that Alaska has not grown in population since 1900," A. B. Hager, of Nome, said to a Washington Post reporter. "It has been due largely to the fact that there have not been any recent discoveries of rich mining camps. And unless there are some developments along this line, it is probable that the population of Alaska will decrease rather than increase. Just so soon as the news is flashed abroad that new gold fields have been discovered I have no doubt that people will flock to the territory; but there is not much hope of any discoveries for some time to come unless the federal government gives the people some encouragement.

"No country can be developed in this age without some help. Alaska is not the most comfortable place in the world in which to live. Men will not remain there unless they have some prospect of profiting by their residence. It has been said that Alaska offers wonderful opportunities in an agricultural way. This may be so, but it has yet to be proved. For several years the territory has produced about $20,000,000 in gold, but that this ratio will keep up no one of any observation or good sense believes, unless new gold fields are discovered in other sections of the country.

"It is my opinion that there is a great deal of gold in Alaska that has not been reached, but it has to be found before it can be mined, and if this government does not by some sort of legislation help to encourage the people who are developing Alaska, it will be many years before the territory becomes the great source of revenue to the United States that it ought to be.

"Agriculture is a prospect of the future. There are valleys in the interior in which, I have no doubt, wheat and other grains can be grown, but it is yet undetermined, and it will take some years of experimentation before it is shown conclusively that Alaska can be made an agricultural country."

## *Here And There In The North*

Small registrations for city elections in the different towns of the district are reported.

One hundred and fifty thousand dollars is being spent in the repair of the Northwestern.

Evidence in the Cunningham coal land cases is being secured in Rome.

The sensation promised in the second letter of Delegate Wickersham to Secretary of War Dickinson did not materialize.

A $700,000 damage suit over claim No. 3 below has been filed in the Fairbanks court.

The case involving the ownership of the land on which Haines is situated was argued in the court of appeals on Monday at San Francisco.

While hunting ptarmagin near Seward the muzzle of the gun he was carrying exploded and injured C. L. Griffin. The wound is not serious.

Members of the Seward Commercial club must pay up their dues or be dropped, Secretary Conroy says.

Cache creek, in the Cook inlet, is to be the scene of extensive prospecting this spring.

The Kashevinikov murder case is to come up for trial at Valdez the middle of this month. The killing grew out of a jealous quarrel over the affections of "Rampart Nell."

Wolves are numerous about Skagway and a fight between a wolf and a dog occurred on the streets of the town last week. The wolf escaped.

Rev. Thomas Jenkins has gone to take charge of a parish in Ohio. He was formerly located in Skagway in charge of the Episcopal church.

O. P. Hubbard, the man who defended Alex McKenzie in the Noyes scandal at Nome, is seeking to have a guaranty allowed him for a road to Fairbanks. Delegate Wickersham favors the bill to help Hubbard.

H. K. Love, marshal at Fairbanks, says he is more to blame than Secretary Ballinger for the alleged coal muddle. He recommended the entries.

Dawson merchants and the Dawson News are wrathy over the miserable mail service furnished by the winter route of the White Pass Railroad company.

It now develops that six and not five men were occupants of the boat that left the Farallon wreck and which has not since been heard from.

The report is that plenty of good coal land remains in the Katalla district which has not been located.

"Dick" Ryan, who owns some coal land near Katalla, now sports two Chinese cooks.

The stork is a regular caller at Katalla these spring days.

There are six criminal cases on the calendar at Valdez and the offenders will be tried at the present term.

The Cordova Alaskan says J. C. McBride is seriously considering establishing a location in Cordova and is also out for the delegate nomination.

The Valdez townsite survey, made by J. Frank Warner, of Juneau, has been approved.

Michael Powers, the man who first discovered coal in the Katalla country, died very poor in Seattle on February 15.

The government is after the Alaska Coast company for allowing the Kentucky to go to sea in bad condition.

Charges have been preferred against Governor Henderson, of the Yukon territory, and he will not return to Dawson from Victoria until they are settled.

A team of horses belonging to the Cordova Transfer company "mired" in the streets of Cordova last week and had to be dug out.

All of the cases against Frank Manley, alias Knowles, wherein perjury and murder were alleged, have been dismissed at San Angelo, Texas.


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# PAID IN FULL

## Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play

By

**John W. Harding**

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She had listened to his brief, unsuspected eloquence and had read his soul in the light of the celestial flicker that had emanated from it; had seen the glory of it in his face—a glory transient as a beacon flash, that was gone from it, leaving only his habitual noncommittal smile, as he turned to her and said, "You understand."

They continued the climb in silence, Emma's bosom rising and falling rapidly upon the rush and swirl of the torrent that raged beneath it, almost sweeping her self control before it. Jimsy indeed loved her! Why had this chance revelation of what her intuition had divined long before torn open the floodgates of her own emotions? Because it had set vibrating every chord of her being, and every chord of that being, as she had come to understand also, was attuned to his. Together they had beheld the mirage of heaven.

At the upper edge of the forest labyrinth they emerged on to a rocky plateau studded with dwarfed firs and balsam pines, but covered thickly with aromatic ferns and blueberry bushes.

Jimsy bared his head to the cool breeze that swept the clearing and watched Emma, who, with a little cry of delight, had stooped among the blueberry bushes and was gathering a handful of their ripe fruit. She was glad of the pretext to hide the upheaval in her heart that she felt must show in her eyes.

This upheaval, sudden and almost overpoweringly violent though it was, was not of the morning's forming. She had known the calm, sympathetic westerner—as he had reminded Captain Williams—ever since she was a girl in short frocks. She had soon come to look upon him as a big brother, with whom she shared her girlish troubles and in whom she confided freely, naturally, as a matter of course. When she had become a woman and he had sought her for his bride she had not been able, with all her liking for him, to bring herself to consider him in the light of a lover.

After the scales formed there by the blandishments and personal pulchritude of Brooks had fallen from her eyes and she saw that she had bowed down to an empty, painted fetich of plaster instead of to God in the flesh she had resigned herself to the lot destiny had brought her and sought to make the best of it like the pure woman she was. Household drudgery and the stern verities of her existence had vanquished and put to flight all her illusions. Love was a delusion. It was not what she had conceived it to be. It existed in perfect, ideal form only in the imaginings of the poets and litterateurs. Had any one suggested to her that Jimsy Smith was the depository of it, that his heart was the altar on which the sacred fire burned unquenchable, that under the crust of his unemotional manner was a quiescent volcano of passion that could be roused to stupendous eruption, she would have laughed.

### CHAPTER XXI.

As she had grown wise and come to look upon Jimsy's visits as pleasant breaks in the monotony of her existence, however, she had obtained glimpses of his inner self, flashes of the profundity of his mind, an inkling of his elevation of sentiment that escaped him, in spite of himself, quite unconsciously. Her woman's keen perception had divined a spirituality that was buried purposely by speech and conduct. This had interested her and given her food for thought, but she could find no satisfactory explanation. The clew to the mystery, which, truth to tell, interested her but mildly, had come to her first on the evening of her husband's attack on Captain Williams in the little Harlem flat, when, after he had let fall and smashed the cup, he had remarked a little ruefully that he had let slip everything he had ever had in his life that was worth while. The confirmation of her deduction that his unrequited love for herself had been the death of ambition and accounted for his aimless, lonely existence, which she had been inclined to reject as absurd, was obtained on that momentous night just before her husband extinguished utterly and forever the few embers of love for him that still were live. After he had told her the story of his life in his quaint, everyday speech and her heart had gone out to him in that burst of irrepressible sympathy the consternation this had caused him had uncovered his secret as in a book, for in that moment she had seen beyond the mere start of timid modesty.

Later, after the shock of Brooks' action had ceased to obsess her and he had receded further and further toward a memory, she had set free her imprisoned inclinations. Once more her rejuvenated fancy had taken wing to the heights of the ideal and romantic. Somehow it had come to associate Jimsy with its excursions. Possessor of his secret, she had set herself, while disguising her task with cunning, to the dangerous study of the heart that had held it so long inviolate. The knowledge that he loved her with such steadfast intensity rekindled love on the dead ashes her husband had left behind, and for the very reason that Jimsy betrayed his sentiments in nothing, held unswervingly to the line of conduct toward her he had followed ever since she had refused to take seriously his offer of marriage, this love had grown stronger, fiercer, until it had filled her life. She saw that she had passed happiness by. She exalted Jimsy's secret passion until in her imagining he became the incarnation of nobleness, of desire, of all mortal joys.

She brought a heap of blueberries to him and poured them into his joined hands, and they seated themselves on a rock to eat them and to rest.

"This is the most enjoyable picnic I've had in years," she said gayly. "It was quite an inspiration of yours to run up to visit us. Why don't you come often instead of spending your week ends in the hot city? You ought to take a vacation and stay here for a few weeks."

"I'd like to awfully," he told her, "but the fact is I'm too busy to think of getting away. Williams is piling a whole lot of work and responsibility on me these days. Williams, you know, isn't what you'd call an easy boss. If he raises a man's salary he sees to it that he gets his money's worth. He simply won't be bothered, even with matters that ain't precisely details."

"It's because he trusts you, Jimsy," she assured him with an intonation perilously near to tenderness.

"So you see," he went on, "it's easier to talk about holidays than to get them. I shouldn't be here now, for I'm working Sundays as well as other days at present, only that I had to come up on a matter of importance."

"Oh," she said, with a pout, "I thought you came to see us for ourselves, not on a business trip. No more berries for you."

"I came for the express purpose of seeing you and of talking to you alone."

Her heart fluttered violently, suffocatingly, again.

"To me—alone?"

"Yes. I've seen Joe."

The pronouncing of her husband's name was to her as a heavy blow. Sweet, timorous expectancy, hot, turbulent blushes that she had bent to hide vanished instantly, and she looked up at him startled.

"Joe walked in on me five nights ago. He looks well and is doing well."

"What is that to me?"

The words came in chilling accents, and her eyes grew hard.

"Emma, do you remember that on that night just before you learned the truth I told you about that chap in

*"Do you believe what you are telling me, Jimsy Smith?"*

Denver who was long on love and short on honor and kind of took the view that it was his wife's place to overlook things and help him get right?"

"Well?"

"Well, I'm still of that opinion."

"Do I understand that you—that *you*—"

She did not finish the sentence, but sat gazing at him with wide eyes, stark with agony and amaze.

"I guessed you'd be kind of surprised to hear from him. Since you left Joe he's been leading a strictly honest life. He has a good job in a bank at a good salary, has saved money, and all he wants is for you to forgive and forget and start over again. Joe's all right now, there's no doubt about that, for I've looked up the record he's made since you've been separated. Not only that, but he loves you more than ever. That's gospel truth, too, I know."

"Forgive and forget! Yes, I have forgotten, and oblivion enshrouds forgiveness with it. Joseph Brooks is dead, as dead for me as though he were in his grave. I have even ceased to bear his name. Sometimes I have wondered if he ever existed. If I remember him it is as one recalls a nightmare from which one is glad to have awakened."

She laughed a little mirthless laugh and, plucking a fern branch, began to pick the fronds from it nervously, letting them fall to the ground.

"That's all very well, Emma," he objected gently, "but Joe is none the less very much alive, and he is your husband. You mustn't forget that ever. And he's all right, I honestly believe. If he did fall into temptation he meant well. He thought he could put the money back easily enough, and he wanted you to have more comfort and be happy. The best of us ain't no better than we should be if you come right down to the contemplation of the naked fact. You know that the book says, 'There is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not.' To me the man who is real sorry for having done wrong, especially when his wrongdoing had such a pardonable motive as Joe's had, is as good as he was before he did the thing."

"You are the one man I know whom I would never have suspected of harboring a treasury of such homely platitudes," she said scornfully.

"If it were only a question of forgiving a man who had sinned so weakly as that, but it isn't," he went on. "More is involved—his absolution and salvation by duty if not by love. Emma, you are Joe Brooks' wife. You took oath before God—and you meant it then—to stick by him in adversity as in prosperity, to help him in time of trouble. Your place is by his side now. Yours is the only hand that can guide him right."

She rose and placed both of her little gloved hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes.

"Do you believe what you are telling me, Jimsy Smith?" she asked gently. "Do you, speaking from your inmost heart, order me to return to the arms of that man?"

He rose, holding her wrists firmly against his shoulders and speaking with intense earnestness:

"Emma, there are some things on this earth that we're called on to do, ordained by an all wise and merciful Providence. We may not like to do them, but it is not a matter of inclination. We have to make our decisions by the rule of right or wrong. Is it right or is it wrong? It's an arbitrary rule, but I guess it works out for the best in the end. It has always seemed to me so. Therefore I say go back to Joe, your husband. Joe pleads to your heart that was his. 'Tell her,' he said, 'that I'm more sorry than I can express; that I'm sorry and miserable. Tell her that there is no light in life without her.' Those were about his words."

He released her wrists. She had listened to him at the last with averted face that was bloodless and looked ghastly under its coat of sun tan. She walked away wrestling with herself.

Smith stood as impassive as fate. But on his brow a dampness had gathered, and she had seen the sweat beads ooze there as he spoke.

The little cool clad form with its clinging skirt returned slowly.

"Jimsy, why did he charge *you* to tell me these things?"

"Why? I don't know. Because I'm his friend and yours, I suppose. Because there was no one else could do it."

"And, like the good man you are, you were governed in your decision by the rule of right and wrong."

"That was about it, if you cut out the qualification of me."

"And, having been influenced to assume this role of ambassador by a sense of duty and loyalty, feeling

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


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# Raw Furs!

WE PAY

**High Prices for Fine Furs**

Write for Price List

**Percy's Fur House**

**OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN**

Established - 1872


### Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that I, Wm. E. Lloyd, administrator of the estate of John Norton, deceased, have filed with the Probate Court, Wrangell Precinct, District of Alaska, my final account, and the Court has set April 25th, 1910, the day for hearing objections; Therefore, all persons having objections thereto are cited to appear on that date at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Court House at Wrangell, Alaska.

Dated February 24, 1910.

WM. E. LLOYD,
Administrator of the Estate
3-31 of John Norton, Deceased.

Walter Woodbridge arrived up on the last Jefferson, and will probably remain in this region during the present season.

That old pipe of yours is fierce, better get a new one from Pat's.

Dr. Emery, who was at Petersburg on professional business, is at home again.

Washing and ironing, pressing, cleaning and plain sewing at Mrs. Wm. Lewis'.

Fred Johnston arrived up on the Cottage after spending the winter in Portland, Oregon. Hhe is back at his old job at the sawmill.

Louis Levy, representing Joseph Ullmann, the big New York **FUR** buyer, will spend the winter in Southeastern Alaska, making frequent calls at Wrangell.

The Roos ane Burchelle cases will come up before the Ketchikan grand jury, in session after April 4th.

Patenaude carries the best in Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and Smokers' supplies in general.

When in need of a tombstone for your departed one, write to the Juneau Marble works, James Hogan, proprietor, Juneau, Alaska. Designs and prices furnished on application tf

### REGISTRATION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the resistration books of the town of Wrangell, Alaska, have been delivered to me, and will be open for the registering of voters of said town, from 9 o'clock a. m. to 4 o'clock p. m. daily, Sundays and holidays excepted, from the 4th day of March to, and including, the 4th day of April, 1910.

By order made by the Common Council of Wrangell, Alaska, March 3rd. 1910.

L. C. Patenaude,
Registrar.

### Notice

All bills and accounts due me I have placed in Charles Nelson's hands for collection, and a speedy settlement will oblige.

BRUNO GREIF.

### NO CHANGE MADE

Contrary to reports from Fairbanks no change has been made by the attorney general in the program laid down last summer in the assignment of Alaska judges. All will remain where they are now until July 1, when they will be transferred to the divisions for which they were appointed. Judge Overfield will go to Fairbanks, Judge Lyons to Juneau and Judge Cushman to Valdez.

### TO BUILD ROAD

The Alaska Central bondholders have issued orders for the immediate resumption of work on the Alaska Central railroad out of Seward and construction will start as soon as possible.

### Notice

To claimants of land in Wrangell townsite. Time in which to file applications for deeds is extended thirty days from the date of this notice, after which allotments will be made or rejected on all applications on file, and deeds issued on payment of assessments. Contest cases will then be heard, and a report made of all unoccupied lands; lands alloted, assessments remaining unpaid; and lands occupied and not applied for. When the Commissioner of the General Land Office will appoint a time for, and the condttions under which the lands still remaining vacant will be sold at public auction.

Wrangell Alaska, Feb. 17, 1910,
Marcus Fayette Inman.
Townsite Trustee.

### Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that I, John Thormodsater, administrator of the estate of Erick Peterson, deceased, have filed in the Probate Court, Wrangell Precinct, Alaska, my final account, and the Court has set April 18th, 1910, as the day for hearing objections thereto. All persons are cited to appear on that date at two o'ciock at the Courthouse, Wrangell, Alaska, and file their objections, if any, to said account.

Dated February 12, 1910.

John Thormodsater,
Administrator Aforesaid.

### *NOTICE TO CREDITORS*

In the United States Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska.

IN PROBATE

In the matter of the estate of Charles Hicks, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That I, C. E. Weber, of the town of Wrangell, District of Alaska, have been duly appointed special administrator of the above named estate of Charles Hicks, deceased, that letters of administration were granted to me on the 8th day of January, A. D. 1910.

All persons having claims against said Estate are required to present the same to me at Wrangell, Alaska, or to the U. S. Commissioner for the Wrangell Precinct, District of Alaska, with proper vouchers therewith, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, this 17th day of January, A. D. 1910.

C. E. WEBER,
Special Administrator of the above
3-17. named estate.

In the Probate Court for the District of Alaska, Division No. One, Wrangell Precinct.

In the Matter of the Estate of Rufus Sylvester, Deceased.

TO ALL PERSONS WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Please Take Notice that on the 27th day of January, 1910, by an order duly made and entered by the Probate Court for the Wrangell Commissioner's Precinct, District and Division aforesaid, I was duly appointed Administrator of the goods, chattels and credits and estate of Rufus Sylvester, deceased, to fill the vacancy in the administration of said estate caused by the removal of Samuel Sylvester as executor of the last will and testament of the said Rufus Sylvester, deceased, and that on the 29th day of January, 1910, I duly qualified as such administrator under said appointment.

All persons having claims against said estate should present the same, with proper vouchers therefor, to me at my place of business in said Town of Wrangell, within six (6) months from the date hereof.

Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, this 31st day of January, A. D. 1910.

L. C. PATENAUDE,
Administrator.


CAMP SLOOP SHACK

# STOVES

## MADE IN WRANGELL

Is what you want to look for on every stove you buy. Our new model, the

## *SOUR DOUGH*

is just what has been needed for a long time. In shape they are rectangular, the top is of cast iron, and the sides are of heavy sheet iron. The dimenelons are:

**Small, 2 hole top, 21x14 inches, $7.50**

**Large, 4 hole top, 23x18 inches, $10.00**

**Come In and Examine Them**

# St. Michael Trading Co.

Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention

**Wrangell - - Alaska**



# Olympic Restaurant

Opened under New Management

K. MORIKAWA BILLY FUKUDA

***First Class Meals At All Hours***

Nicely Furnished Private Dining Room

*High Grade Bakery Products Are Our Specialty*

Special Rates for Monthly Boarders

*WRANGELL - - ALASKA*



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**Standard Gas Engines**

General

**Machine and Blacksmith Work**



***S. C. SHURICK, M. D.***

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

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WRANGELL - - ALASKA



***C. A. EMERY, D. D. S.***

DENTISTRY PRACTICED IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Office on Church Street

Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 5

Other hours by Appointment

WRANGELL - - ALASKA



***Stickine Tribe Number 5***

***Imp. O. R. M.***

Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell, Alaska. Sojourning chiefs always welcomed.

Wm. Cook, Sachem.
A. V. R. Snyder, C. of R.



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**SMOKERS' ARTICLES**

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL



**DON'T HAVE COLD FEET!**

**We have Hot Water Bottles**

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**LINE OF RUBBER GOODS**



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**WRANGELL DRUG CO.**

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS**



**POSTAGE STAMPS AT COST**

**Leave Your Headache Here**

**THANK YOU!**

**PLEASE CALL AGAIN**